

# THE GRAY FALCON

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## CHAPTER I.

OME quickly, Lady Felicie, and I will show you the apparition. You shall see for yourself if old Jeannot has invented a 'solish tale to scare the silly peasant people. And my old eyes have not cheated me nor been bewitched by an evil spell—the figure passed not ten minutes ago. It always returns this way—so you can see it for yourself.

So said the worthy servant of the Languedoc family, Jeannot Laxin, in a solemn and suppressed voice, as he motioned for his young mistress to follow him into the low shrubbery which skirted the meadow, ere the dense woods took possession of the ground.

The youthful Lady Felicie, with a smile of arch merriment on her bright young face, followed him fearlessly—pausing a moment, however, to cast an admiring glance at the scene she was leaving behind her.

Well worthy, indeed, this parting attention, was the charming bit of landscape, just now coqueting with the purple mistiness of approaching evening.

A prolonged, undulating slope of smoothly turfed terraces edged with straight lines of poplars, like deep green fringes, and crowned at the summit with the cluster of turreted roofs forming Languedoc chateau, whose tall, quaintly shaped chimneys rose far up against the gold flushed blue of the clouds, seeming to reach the slender thread of light which the young moon hung out, as sign of her advent.

At the right was the thickly woven, undulating canopy of grand old trees, forming the Little Forest of which the Languedocs were so proud and chary—and far on to the left you caught the glitter of waves, where the Mediterranean revelled in the last golden beams of sunshine, and the bright reflection showed the spires and roofs of Prejus like some cloud city, ready to vanish at a moment's warning.

Lady Felicie gave a glance—smiled in joyous, triumphant consciousness that the beautiful spot was her own proud heritage, and then stepped lightly and daintily along over the rough pathway by which Jeannot led her.

The old man looked profoundly solemn—very much awed, and a little frightened, as he plunged into the deepening shade, every now and then pausing to allow the fairy footsteps of his companion to recover the advantage gained by his huge strides.

He found a dry, mossy spot, half covered with drooping vines, and motioned for Lady Felicie to occupy it.

"It is here I have always stood, Lady Felicie; you see that it commands a view of the opening path; he has always gone out past me," whispered Jeannot, with a stealthy glance at the designated pathway.

The smile faded off from the girl's face. Somehow the weird somberness of the wood, with old Jeannot's awe-struck face beside her—she could not retain her playfulness. She drew her mantle of violet silk closer over her head, and waited in silence.

"Hark!" whispered Jeannot, unconsciously grasping her arm.

A dull, heavy sound, of regular blows, whether from mortal ax, shovel or pick, could hardly be determined, broke the stillness reigning around.

The old man crossed himself reverently.

"I always hear it just so," whispered he, "and in a little while he is sure to appear."

"But ghosts don't work, Jeannot," said Lady Felicie. "Why don't you get some of the men with you, and follow up the sounds till you find what makes them?"

"Haven't I tried it alone? Holy Mary! I've searched and searched the woods over, and never a trace can I find of the ground broken, or of a tree disturbed. I had wild ideas at first—I thought somebody was burying some guilty secret—a murdered body, or a stolen treasure, and I meant old Jeannot should have the glory of finding it all out. I might as well have tried to raise a sunken ship from the sea. Oh, now, my lady, it's all beyond mortal finding out—that's my belief, and sure I won't be so bold as to bring upon myself the evil one's vengeance by prying into his doings. It was only because you reproved me, as an idle story teller, that I brought you here to see for yourself."

He paused abruptly, shrank back under the bushes, and frantically seized her hand, while he pointed to the open pathway beyond them.

Lady Felicie bent forward, not without a violent beating heart, it must be admitted.

A tall, darkly draped figure, with a shroud over his shoulder, was stalking slowly along before her eyes.

So much was undeniable. Moreover, although one hand held the shroud, and the other swung idly by his side, though no lantern or torch was anywhere visible, a little circle of bright light went wavering along with him, seeming to radiate from his very feet.

Despite her best efforts, a cold chill crept over the girl, and she stood shivering until the mysterious figure vanished from sight.

Jeannot was muttering prayers, with vehement eagerness.

Lady Felicie made a desperate exertion, seeing the old man's terror, and exclaimed resolutely:

"Nonsense! It was a man, who is

prowl around here for some evil purpose. I acknowledge you have convinced me, Jeannot—my good, old Jeannot—that I was hasty in accusing you of trusting too much to your imagination. You have certainly seen the figure, but I opine it will prove to be decidedly more tangible and natural than a ghost. You must bring others with you and follow him—"

"Oh, my Lady Felicie, it is a ghost, or the evil one—don't talk so scoffingly. I am afraid an evil spell will fall upon you as a punishment. I was going to tell you how I did follow him, and how he turned upon me his blazing eye and threw up his hands, and little flames came dancing all around him, and I opened his mouth, and it thundered, and the very ground seemed to quake. Oh, I melt the sulphur, and I saw the blue flames. Don't doubt it, Lady Felicie—I wouldn't come again for the king's scepter. I came now only to convince you. I am afraid some terrible thing is to happen to us, and that this is the sign. Holy Mary, have mercy! I will get the good priest to say prayers for us all. But come, we must return. My lady, the countess, will be angry with me for bringing you here, and Victoire will be tired of waiting where you stationed her."

And looking around him shudderingly, Jeannot stepped forth into the path.

Lady Felicie followed thoughtfully.

"It is very odd," murmured she; "when my father returns from Paris, it must be thoroughly investigated."

"Ah, yes; I shall be so glad when the count gets home. M. Pierre, the overseer, called me a foolish, old driveller, and bade me hold my tongue. The noble count might believe him, but you, Lady Felicie, can assure him that I do not lie. I'm sure that I do not want to frighten all the people, as M. Pierre says I do; but this is a dreadful thing to keep to myself."

"Don't talk now, Jeannot," said Lady Felicie impatiently. "How dark it has grown! I don't know what my mother would say, if she knew I came with you and without any other attendant. Pray, let us hurry."

The old servant quickened his pace at these words, and the lady kept step with him now.

She gave a great sigh of relief when they reached the open ground. The stars were out, and the pale silver crescent had brightened into gold. From the chateau flashed a ruddy gleam kindling from window to window.

A light figure came bounding down the hill.

"Oh, my Lady Felicie, have you come? Your mother has sent out twice for you. Have you seen it?"

"Hush, Victoire! keep discreet silence if you wish my favor, and don't tease me with questions. I will go to my mother now."

The pretty waiting maid dropped a humble courtesy, and followed demurely after her mistress, as the latter turned swiftly toward the chateau, but she was eagerly repeating to herself:

"Lady Felicie has seen the ghost, I am sure—or why does old Jeannot fling me such a triumphant glance? How brave these noble ladies can be! Nothing, I am sure, could have tempted me to go with Jeannot into the wood at this hour. She is so grave and still—it is certain that she has seen something."

The lady, however, did not gratify her curiosity. She passed hastily across the broad hall when she reached the chateau, and went directly to the boudoir of the countess.

She was a very fine looking woman, this Countess Languedoc—tall and stately, and dressed with suitable richness; but there was a sad expression in her soft, deep eyes, which betrayed that her noble estate had not brought with it unmix happiness.

She rose from the velvet lounge as her daughter entered, and exclaimed, childishly:

"Felice, Felice, where have you been? This wild rambling will not answer. You know how deeply it would displease the count to know you were away from the chateau grounds, unattended. And I have sent twice for you, and no one knew where you were, not even Victoire. Your father—"

The sweet, red lips of Felicie checked further speech, as she flung her arms around the lady's neck, and kissing her repeatedly, answered gaily:

"Ah, yes, my father—I understand, my lady mother; but mon pere is away in Paris, and will never know, for I am sure you will not tell him. And it is so refreshing, so delightful to be free and wild just a little; I'm sure when I have half a dozen servants at my heels, as papa always sends me forth, all my pleasure is destroyed, and I have many a time envied one of our own peasant girls her unmolested freedom. Say, now, my darlingest of mamma, do you blame me, if I take advantage of my father's absence, and send the troublesome attendants to their proper places?"

The dancing, sparkling eyes peered roguishly into her face, and the countess smiled, even while she sighed.

"I suppose it is natural," said she, yielding, while she stroked back the glossy waves of hair from the fair forehead.

"Of course it is," replied Felicie, gaily; "mon pere is so—so exceedingly particular, it is most tiresome. Where's the good of grandeur if it must torment you all the time? Now that he can't insist upon our going down to regular dinner in that dining hall, that

looks ready to swallow two people like you and me, why not ring the bell and order a nice little repast for us here? It would be so easy, so home like, so extremely delightful."

The countess smiled still more brightly, and stretched out her hand toward the bell.

Felice flew to reach it, and after the necessary orders had been given, she threw off her mantle, playfully seated the countess again in the easy chair, and drew a cushion of emerald velvet to her feet.

"Now, mamma, for one of our cosy talks—what shall it be about?"

"Your absence, tonight, ma chere. What detained you so long, my child?"

Felice shrugged the white shoulders gleaming so prettily through the lace cape of her low bodice of violet silk.

"Ah, mamma, that will be too dismal a topic. Wait till they have brought more candles. Tell me something about your girlhood; what you thought, how you felt when you were no older than your giddy daughter."

The delicately penciled eyebrows of the countess contracted, and a weary look of pain flickered a moment over her face.

She took up the fairy hands crossed over her knee and kissed them softly.

"I must say as you do, my love, it is too dismal for that, while the room is so dimly lighted. I have received a letter from your father during your absence. He is to leave Paris in another week, and he thinks the young Marquis de Herri will accompany him on his return hither, and bids me prepare you for it."

Felice started, and a flood of crimson rushed to her face.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed she, and then covering her face with her hands she burst into tears and sobbed vehemently.

CHAPTER II.

HE countess made, no effort to check her, only now and then bent down and kissed the flushed forehead and wet cheek.

Felice started to her feet and began pacing to and fro.

"It is so humiliating," exclaimed she, passionately; "to be battered and sold like a dumb animal, because rank and estates are matched; to have no question asked concerning character and heart. Oh, it is barbarous!"

The countess watched her with a perturbed and deeply sympathizing face.

"Does my father think I am a stone, or a butterfly—that I have no feeling, no taste, no deep soul requirements? Oh, I have envied the peasants before, but never so much as now. I could wish I had never been born!" went on Felice, more and more bitterly, while the excitement grew upon her, her soft, dark eyes glittered fiercely, and two burning crimson spots gathered upon her cheeks.

Her mother sighed deeply.

The girl heard it and turned impetuously.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! my good, true, tender mother—surely you will not be harsh with me, you will pity me! Oh, implore my father to forego this hated marriage. I know nothing of the marquis, I do not wish to know him. I labor his very name. Say that I need not see him."

"I fear that I cannot promise you any help," answered the countess, sadly.

Felice turned away with girlish petulance.

"No one cares for my true happiness, no one knows how to pity me."

"Felice!" said the countess, in a tone of deep reproach and unutterable sadness.

The ingenuous girl flung herself into her arms, imploring pardon amidst a flood of tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADAM'S HEIGHT.

Figures seem to show that it was Sixty-Five Feet.

At various times within the last few years assertions have been made by many thinkers that Adam and the antediluvian people were of extraordinary height, but many other thinkers (who have never thought much about the matter) have laughed at the assertion and cried "bosh," says an exchange. I, too, am of the opinion that there was something more about Adam than was extraordinary besides the number of his years. To prove the same by a course of mathematical reasoning we will take Noah, whose life was twenty years longer than Adam's and who is quite as well known for his generosity to the human and animal races. According to Genesis Noah lived 950 years and then died. It is a well-defined rule in nature that animals, bipeds and quadrupeds live about three and one-half times the number of years required for their individual maturity. Thus man in this century matures in 20 and dies at the age of 70 years. Dividing the age of Noah by three and one-half, we find that he reached his maturity in about 270 years. The average man of to-day at maturity measures about five feet and weighs about 125 pounds. Five feet in twenty years is equivalent to three inches in one year. Applying the same rule to Noah's maturing years, we find that at his maturity he was sixty-seven feet tall and weighed 1,375 pounds. It stands to reason that if Noah was so great in body that the originator of the race must have been equally as large.

Mrs. Wallace—I thought you told me that this was an educated parrot? Bird Dealer—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Wallace—He must have been educated in an institute for the deaf and dumb.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## SIGNS OF THE PLANETS

INDICATIONS THAT AFFECT EVERY HUMAN LIFE.

Prof. Cunningham's Free Readings for Our Readers Have Become Very Popular—Some Instructions for the Guidance of Applicants for Horoscopes.

HE astrologer is receiving many requests for free readings through these columns. Each request is numbered when received and every one will be answered in its turn.

The astrologer again calls attention to the fact that each request must state the date, place and hour of birth, also sex and color, with full name and address of sender. The initials only and place of residence will be used in the reading.

Be exact about the hour of birth. If applicants do not know the date or hour they should send two two-cent stamps for special instructions. Persons wishing their horoscopes made immediately and forwarded by mail must send twelve two-cent stamps to cover expenses. Name and address must be plainly written. Address all communications to Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194, So. Clinton street, Chicago.

These readings are as follows:

Reyes, Monroe, Mich.

According to data, you are a mixture of the signs of Taurus and Gemini, and therefore Venus and Mercury are your ruling planets or signifiers. You are medium height or above, and medium to dark hair, complexion and eyes; the eyes have a peculiar sparkle and sharp light; you are energetic and ambitious and will make a great effort to rise in the world, yet you will find many obstacles to overcome and will not be appreciated or paid in accordance with what your ability should command, yet you will succeed far better than the average of people. You are a natural born orator and if you take ordinary care of the money you get into your possession you will become wealthy.

C. A. J. Webster, City, Iowa.

According to data, the sign Leo, which the Sun rules, was rising at your birth, with Mercury and Venus on the ascendant, and therefore the Sun, Venus and Mercury are your ruling planets or signifiers.

You are medium height or above; medium to light complexion, hair and eyes; you will be disposed to baldness early in life; you will be active, ambitious, energetic, and will hold a good position in any locality; you will always be regarded as a leading man not so much from your wealth as from your ability. You will also be noted as having a great gift of language and as an orator you would make a great success. You are very popular with the ladies.

W. A. W. Dubuque, Iowa.

You have the zodiacal sign Virgo rising and therefore Mercury is your ruling planet. You are medium height or slightly above with a well proportioned figure; the complexion, hair and eyes from medium to dark; you are rather reserved in your manner until you get well acquainted. When young you were quite bashful, modest and avoided strangers. You are active, energetic, ambitious and industrious; you are very humane in your nature, kind to all, make many friends, and will be very popular with the ladies; you are gifted in one of the fine arts and very fond of any kind of art work; you have good command of language. You will rise to a high position in life, and if you avoid hazardous speculation and take good care of the money that comes into your possession you will become quite wealthy. It will be hard for you to keep money after you make it.

Gertrude, St. Joseph, Mo.

You have the zodiacal sign Cancer rising, therefore the moon is your ruling planet; you are medium height or above, with rather well proportioned figure; the shoulders good width, the complexion fair; eyes light; hair medium; you are fond of making changes in certain ways, and will be rather of an emotional nature, and will sometimes change your mind very quickly and apparently without any good reasons for it. Your constitution is not of a robust kind, and you are subject to feverish ailments and especially severe headaches when these attacks come on. You are fond of having your own way and are liable to rebel if opposed strongly. You are endowed by nature with strong intuitions, and might easily develop some mediumistic powers if you would make some effort in that direction.

Remarkable Confidence.

She: "It is remarkable what confidence that Mrs. Storms has in her husband! Believes everything he says."

He: "Well, why shouldn't she?"

"Why, man! he's a clerk in the weather bureau."—Yonkers Statesman.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

The man whom praise attains makes humble, is an ironclad.

In youth our passions keep us busy; in middle life our ambitions; in old age, the rumination.

The more intelligent a man becomes, the less he thinks of himself, and the more he thinks of others.

Adversity is true and honest; it is the test that never deceives us. Prosperity is always treacherous.

## J. McCULLAGH DEAD.

STARTLING EVIDENCE AT THE INQUEST.

Physician Says He Had Taken Poisonous Medicine a Few Days Before His Death. The Funeral Services Will Be Very Simple.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 2.—The inquest on the body of Joseph McCullagh, late editor of the Globe-Democrat, whose remains were found under his bedroom window Thursday, began yesterday. It developed the startling fact through the testimony of Dr. Hughes, Mr. McCullagh's physician, that the deceased made what was at the time believed to be an attempt at suicide on Dec. 23 last. On that day Dr. Hughes testified that he called on Mr. McCullagh and left with him a four-ounce bottle containing two ounces which would have the effect of paralyzing the action of the heart. The same night Mr. McCullagh took one ounce of the medicine, enough to have death, but which, owing to the weak condition of his stomach, was immediately rejected.

When Dr. Hughes called the next morning he was greatly alarmed and asked Mr. McCullagh if he had taken that amount, an evasive answer being given. Dr. Hughes testified that he was satisfied that Mr. McCullagh had not taken the medicine by mistake. The physician at once connected the startling circumstances with a conversation had with Mr. McCullagh shortly before in which the latter spoke of Abraham Lincoln, saying that he died at a good time, and that when any man outlived his usefulness it was time for him to go.

Dr. Hughes then testified as to Mr. McCullagh's strange and evasive manner on the day preceding his death and concluded his testimony with the positive statement that his impression was that the case was one of suicide.

Liverly man Louis C. Bohle, the closest personal friend of the deceased, was also to have testified, but as he failed to appear the examination was continued until this morning.

Yesterday Mrs. McKee, daughter of the original proprietor of the Globe-Democrat, accompanied by a friend, went out to Bellefontaine cemetery and selected a location for the grave of the deceased, which will be in the McKee family lot.

Mr. William Berry Armstrong, a nephew of the deceased, arrived from Chicago yesterday morning and Mrs. Rachel Souter, a sister, is expected to arrive from Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday.

The funeral this afternoon will be very simple. The eight pall-bearers have been selected from the heads of the departments of the Globe-Democrat. The list of honorary pall-bearers has not been made out yet, but it will consist of leading citizens of St. Louis, principally representing the Republican party.

Paid the Death Penalty.

Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 2.—A special from Albany, Ga., says:

Saukey Cunningham, colored, was hanged in an inclosure inside the garden adjoining the county jail yesterday for a criminal assault upon Miss Katie Camp. Cunningham was a "trusty" in the county chain gang and the young lady's home was near the stockade.

The crime was a most aggravated one and the brute left his victim for dead. She afterwards recovered consciousness and crawled to a neighbor's house and gave the alarm. The prompt trial of the negro by Judge Spence at a special session of Dougherty court together with the exercise of great prudence on the part of the officers kept down a lynching. The crime was committed on Dec. 3. Much indignation was aroused and it was found necessary to remove the prisoner to Macon for safe keeping. Yesterday on the scaffold Cunningham made a statement. He acknowledges his guilt and said he had made peace with God. He also warned both white and black to seek religion and take warning by his fate. A great crowd came to the city to witness the hanging, and box cars and roofs of houses and every elevated point available for blocks around were covered with spectators. There was no trouble or excitement.

Wharves on Fire.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 2.—The wharf and factory of the Boston and Lockport company, on the water front in East Boston, adjoining the works of the Maverick Oil company, are on fire. It is a stubborn blaze for the firemen to handle, three fire alarms having been sent in. The blaze broke out in a 500-foot one-story building occupied by the Condor Iron company as a molding shop. The fire then spread to the wharf of the Block company. At the wharf was Mr. Gibby's 200-ton yacht Brighton, which was badly damaged. About 100 feet of the wharf was burned, together with a number of small buildings on it.

Suit Instituted.

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 2.—The Frankfort Whisky Process company of New York has begun suit in the United States court against four leading distilling and liquor dealers, firms in Cincinnati and Covington, including Levy & Harris, Rosworth & Candisher and the Hoffheimers. The suit is for injunction and for damages for infringing a patent of process in making whisky. Similar suits were brought some months ago against other defendants here, and a judgment obtained by the plaintiffs.

Murdered by Unknown Assassin.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 2.—John Leinen, a hotel and saloon keeper at West Hammond, was found murdered in his place yesterday morning. The case is enveloped in mystery and no positive clues to the murderers have been found. The police have various theories, however, one of which, they say, points to a deep laid plot. There were indications that the crime was committed for purposes of robbery, but many things lead the police to think that there was no theft and that the signs of robbery were made after the crime was committed.

## Weyler Talks.

Havana, Jan. 2.—The war correspondent of La Lucha of this city, Senor Canarie, has telegraphed to his paper the substance of an interview which he had Thursday with Capt. Gen. Weyler, whose column he joined at San Cristobal. The captain general assured the correspondent that there were only about 500 insurgents in the province of Pinar del Rio, adding: "I am able to say that the province is pacified. I will treat the leaders with consideration if they surrender all or nearly all of their followers."

"Nobody can consider himself the owner of the cattle in the mountains and woods which were born last year, and I allow the soldiers and the poor to gather them together and get what benefit they can from them. I have also provided for the establishment of cultivated zones in order to avoid famine, and I congratulate myself upon the suppression of the revolution in Pinar del Rio. The rebels are lacking in valor and other elements to make the uprising a success."

"With the assistance of the commercial chambers I hope to establish cultivated zones in the province of Havana between the two railroad lines, but I can not allow people to build homes outside of the towns, as they only serve as a refuge for bandits."

"Rios Rivera is disregarded by the Cuban partisans and is lacking in the qualities that go to make an insurgent commander and neither Quintin Banderas nor Calixto Garcia has as much prestige as Antonio Maceo."

At San Cristobal Gen. Weyler joined forces with those of Gen. Oleguer from Candelaria.

Capt. Gen. Weyler will continue encampment at Bayamo until to-day.

Gen. Weyler ordered a double ration of food and wine to be served to the troops yesterday.

Senator-elect Money of Mississippi, who is a member of the committee on foreign affairs of the United States house of representatives, paid a visit yesterday to the palace, accompanied by United States Consul Lee and Vice Consul General Springer. The Marquis of Alhuma, acting captain general, was absent, and an aide-de-camp informed the visitors that Gen. Weyler would soon return to Havana. Mr. Money expressed his regret at not seeing the marquis of Alhuma and at being unable to await the return of Gen. Weyler before he left the island. The vice consul general will sail for the United States to-day on the steamer Olivette.

Francisco Rivas was sent Thursday to St. Chafarinas, but upon arriving at Porto Rico he was liberated, it being proved that he was a Mexican. He will, however, be expelled from the island.

Arrested for Murder.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 2.—Al Williams, aged 32 years, and Mrs. Jane Mayes, aged 21, living north of Topeka, were arrested yesterday charged with the murder of Anna Belle Williams, the 12-year-old girl whose outraged body was found Wednesday in a meadow near Eudora. The body bears evidence of a dreadful assault on its person. The finger marks on the neck and the condition of the body show that the murderous fiend who committed the assault covered up his work by sealing her lips in strangulation. Williams was the father of the girl and accuses the Mayes woman of the murder. The pair agreed to take the girl to Kanawha City in order to have her placed on a poor farm, the woman to accompany the girl. She says that when they reached Eudora she became sick and a strange man offered to take care of the girl. That is the last she saw of the girl. The pair are secure in jail and the officers say they expect to prove a deliberate scheme to make way with the girl.

Mary Tigone.

Once there was a little girl, as the saying goes, and she and her brother loved to pose in tableaux of their own conceiving. At the time when the Greek play of "Antigone" was given in the city, they heard much talk about it from their elders, and were all a-fire to produce something brilliant themselves, on their own little stage.

"Let's play Antigone!" suggested Bertha, at last, when the old folks had been again talking it over.

"All right," responded Tom. "I'll be Antigone."

"No, you can't. She was a lady. I'll be Antigone."

"All right. You may. I'll be George Washington, and come in and tell her about my hatchet."

So the rehearsals were begun, and things went swimmingly. One day, however, Bertha got a little fractious, and longed for a change.

"I guess I don't like Antigone very well," she said. "I don't like her name."

"All right," said obliging Tom. "Let's alter it."

"Why, what can we call her?"

"Mary Tigone. That's a good name." The prima donna approved the change, and the play went on.—Youth's Companion.

Considerate.

"My face is my fortune, sir," quoth she.

"But I never could discount that," quoth he.

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